Peril Island

A Story of Thrilling Interest.

SYDNEY DREW.

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CHAPTER XVIII. se from sea to sky the wild fare-

Then shricked the timid and stood still

Then some leap'd overboard with dread-ful yell. They were in for it now. Leckburn was yelling orders like a maniac. There was little time to truck of the wounded man. Stokers worked mady to feel the hungry furnaces. The shot seemed to have turned the orderly vessel into a floating madhouse crowded with raving livesties.

proof. He rushed in among them with a rope's end and settled the guestion by force.

"Nose on, Burnand!" he roared.
"Don't show em your paint. Fire low and fast, Clive. Here comes another. Missed, by thunder! Take that, you scallywag, and digest it."

The shells crossed cach other. The Frenchman missed by inches, and cut the water a mile away. They could almost hear the impact of Lechburn's shot. It struck below the hawsehole and shed its flame with a crash. Clive's seven-pounder answered its bigger comrade, and Leckburn danced.
"Good boy! You've downed her gun. Steam, Burnand, if you burst us. Stand by the Maxims. Hammer her again! We'll rake her, by Jupiter! Run across her bows, run across her bows!"

They were all shouting and howling together. Clive's lucky shot had damaged the larger vessel. A few rifles spat, and one man lay in his last sleep. Another was leaping and cursing and suching at bullet-shattered wrist. The fighting madness had selzed them all. Ruby was snapping off his great revolver; Mumps, as cool as a veteran, pumped lead out of a Winchester repeater at the dark bridge of the foe; and the Starver howled defiance, for he did not know how to reload the twelve-bore shot gun he such a constant of the starver howled defiance, for he did not know how to relead the twelve-bore shot gun he would with the launch. It was a stand by the Maxims. Hammer her again! We'll rake her, by Jupiter! Run across her bows, run across her bows!"

They were all they downed her gun. "Have you barond."

"No, worse work of the launch. It was a stand by the head of the launch. It was a stand by the launch. It

rmed with.
had happened in a minute. The
as in difficulties. She was going
at high speed, as if she had had
ll of fighting. The Silver Star

deshed on have it!"

A blaze leapt out, followed by two others. The pointed blue flames gulvered at the muzzes of the three guns. The ribbons buzzed through the breeches, and the clatter and rathe rang loud over the sea. She was raked from stem to stern by the hall of lead. As the Silver by the hall of lead. As the Silver bar a soul on her deck. No answering shot was fired, They were only two hundred yards apart.

rendered.

"Cease firing, but load and be ready.
Train every gun on her. We want no
treachery. Stop her, Burnand. Out with
s hea!

boat
Leckburn's orders were smartly obeyde. The fee floated motionless. Her
ghts were burning now, and a few
figures moved about her decks. Burnand
seized the megaphone.
"We're coming aboard," he shouted.

anover."

Irn ye, don't be a flend." croaked

"We're riddled. Curse ye all e. "We're riddled. Curse ye all! be under if ye don't hurry up."

oken his beak of a nose. Two men the deck, one staring up at the th the empty gaze of death; the vas moaning. Twenty other wild, faced figures clustered around. I, my pretty pirate," said Leck-rimly, "you've done a nice thing reelf."

r yourself."
"The doss, the snivelling, rabbitarted curs," yelled the dwarf. "They
utinted, curse 'em, mutinted. Burn ye
beburn, I'd have fought while I'd an

Leckburn, 12 hard longing on. Oh, ye merry rats, ye brave beauties! I'd like to knife ye all." to knife ye all."

He tore his bristly hair and broke into a torrent of horrid blasphemy. Leckburn stood in the ring of light, towering

They sullenly obeyed.
"I can only offer you the cheerful prospect of swinging for piracy," said his lordship. "Fall into line. You're as nice a hangdog-looking crowd as ever collected outside of a gaol. Don't move. I'm a fair shot with a revolver. Jupiter! but you are pretty. Burnand!"
"Ay ay, my lord." shouted the first officer.

officer. 'Send the long boat with an armed "Send the long poat with an arrange crew, old chap."

They heard the davits rattle. The boat pushed off with twelve armit men. Leckburn turned his head for an instant. The dwarf leapt like a panther, and a long arm swept sideways through the air. There was a steel knuckle-duster in the clenched claw. Leckburn dropped across the body of the dead man like a

"He done got full-sized feet fo a kid, the checked claw. Leckburn dropped across the body of the dead man like a log.

"Pe quick poys, be quick," cried the Dutchman's voice. "Vor your lives pequick." A shout of rage came from the Silver Star. Monkey Swayne snatched up a couple of revolvers and blazed at the long boat. A dozen bullets whitzed the port side and hurled themselves into the sca. Some rose no more, others were dragged into the launch, which had stolen up unseen. The yacht's crew was lashing as the long boat, the men wild for vengeance, swept round the steamer In pursuit.

Cr-ack, cr-ack: cr-ack! rang the Dutchman's revolvers. Two oars floated away and two men fell back. The boat sweryed and struck the side of the steamer. Clive fired blindly at the faifigure of Vanderlet. A shricking swimmer clutched his arm in an iron grip that he could not shake off. Sparks shot from the launch's funnel, and the vessel began to rush over the water; worse than all, clive writhed as he heard the deep laugh of the Dutchman and the shrill, defiant screams of Monkey Swayne.

But she could not escape. The yacht was gathering speed and firing as she went. Clive writhed as he heard the deep laugh of the Dutchman and the shrill, defiant screams of Monkey Swayne.

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But she could not escape. The yacht was gathering speed and firing as she went. Clive writhed as he heard the deep laugh of the putching shaped him out of the water. He dropped in a heap bleeding from a wound in the neck.

"Gh. I comin' bime-by.

To d. Alalama cabin 'I you had have a bet from the launch, which had stores in livery to a hear blank man he had worn patient leaves the launch was a wi

He bent over the corpse. It was Guerin, the Frenchman, shot through the heart. Juan Gaskara's gold was not for him. The man in the boat was dead too, and the man lying boside Guerin rattled in his throat, turned over, and breathed his last breath.

Leaning against the mast, Lockburn wiped he blood from his temple. Thoy followed the yacht with eager eyes. Occasionally her seven-pounder flashed.

"She must capture them," muttered Clive: "they can't run her pace."

Marsden uttered a cry of triumph.
"She's got 'em or, sunk 'em," he shouted. "Look at her; she's slowin down."

"Dat a true word Locks" said Duby.

"Get up, you coward," said Clive. a

"Dat a true word, Jacksy," said Ruby, the keen-eyed. "Golly! Sah Cilve, sah, dey got de ole rogues. I have a birday when dey done git hanged. Massa Burnand, he give dem hidaley-hi-hi. Say what on eart' dey doin? Dey comin back, or I'se not a black nigsah."

"Coming back? It's impossible."

"By Caesart they are, sir," said Marsden. "They've sunk her."

"But they'd lower a boat and try to save some of them."

"Dut' whine and crawi. If there's a bit of the man left in you, show it. I'm not going to hurt you. You're not worth it. Mumps, bring it along."

"Wah!"

"Clive met Leckburr's perplexed glance."

"Pretty thick, isn't it?"

"You're right, somny," answered Clive, whit, in vulgar parlance, I'm beginning to tumble."

"Ditto," said Ned, with a nod "Lan-

wound."
Clive's heart grew lighter. Leckburrhad his head between his knees, too
dizzy and faint to be much interested
in anything. Ruby ran below on a scarch

you think you can wriggle through?"
"Wah!" sald the weary voice
Mumps, "he too muchee fat. I wriggle

what's behind."

Mumps writhed his long, lean body over the splintered boards, and, gliding through an impossible narrow sit, took his feet after him, and vanished. Suddenly screams and means sounded be-

"Golly! what am it you done got,

"Golly! what am it you done got, Munps?" cried Ruby.
"Wahl! I not quite knowee, blackface," answered the Lascar sadly. "Oaly goteo him leg. I bring himee bime-by. Wah! comee long, squealer, conce long."
The screams grow louder.
"Get that stuff out, lads," said Clive.
"Bustle to."

"I didn't see, old chap. Heilo! who's upside down," said the baronet. "I must be asieep again."

poor Hec."

They found Hector, pale and bandaged, and in a horrible temper, squirming in a big easy chair. His wound was very painful, though not serious. He swore to discharge Burnand for not keeping up the pursuit, he called the doctor a clumsy-fingered humbug, and told Leckburn, who tried to sooth him, that he was an overgrown ape of the first quality.

we who would hear the crack of a no more. They committed the to the sea. Leckburn repeating urial service, the men standing bareheaded and silent. A gun a last farewell, and the dark of the unknown sea closed above treble the watch to-night, Bursald Leckburn in a low voice, use of the nigger and the Lascar.

an each hand and tugging valiantly. The owner of the ankles was hidden under a heap of cases and lockers, and his secrams were piteous.

"Wah!" said Leckburn in a low voice, with a weary smile. "I gote him by do tailee, but he gottee him claws stuckee tightee. Blackface, I hotee. Fan me, "Hadn't you better shift the cases?" "Hadn't you better shift the cases?" "Hadn't you better shift the cases?" "Suggested Cilve. "Fullee of cartridges—too chop muchee heavy," said the Lascar. "Fan me heavy," said the Lascar. "Fan me heavy," said the Lascar. "Fan me heavy," said the Lascar. "Hadn't you better shift the cases?" "Hopeless, my lord. They're bound to surrender." "Hopeless, my lord. They low the finely. By the way, where's the prisoner?" "Mumps took charge of him, my lord." "The men princed and the mysterious heavy in low the hild of the men, he chanted in a rich, musical voice:

"He done got full-sized feet fo' a kid." "He done got full-sized feet fo' a k

like egg-shells."
"Wah! we not hurtee him," said the
Lascar, "We lovee him."
"Fo' shuah, fo' shuah,! grinned Ruby.
"All right, No nonsense, and don't
sit up all night. He's in your charge,

sit up all night. He's in your charge, Mumps."

Clive was in his berth, but not asieep. His brain was excited. He had been in a brisk fight at last. He had often wondered at the fierce, reckless bravery displayed by raw troops. Now he understood. There was no time to think or be afraid. It was a kind of madness, a wild desire to get at the foe, an intoxication. He was not surprised now that Leckburn loved war and was happiest when guns were clattering in grim and terrible earnest. A voice startled him.

"Clivey."

"That you, Hee?"

"Yes, old boy. I've got rid of the hump. It was maddening to miss all

"No, old chap, I haven't, What's

matter?"
"I've seen one. You'd never guess what it was. Don't laugh. I expect I'm going dotty. It was in the galley. It was Lanwith's ghost, sitting writing

what it was. Don't laugh. I expect I'm going dotty. It was in the galley. It was In the

do you think we had better do with it?"

"Me t'ink soap and water do him
good," grinned Ruby.

"Wah!" said Mumps, "wash it."
"Get up, you coward," said Clive,
"Don't whine and crawl. If there's a
bit of the man left in you, show it. I'm
not going to hurt you. You're not worth
it. Mumps, bring it along."

"Wah!"

"Clive met Leckburn's perplexed glance,
"Pretty thick, isn't it?"

"You're right, sonny," answered Clive,
"but, in vulgar parlance, I'm beginning
to tumble."

"Ditto," said Ned, with a nod "Lan"Ditto," said Ned, with a

lights wept over the water. The weird "Skull Ice" loomed up faintly, and the glow of the Flame Mountain tinged the sky with pale crimson to mark the path to Peril Island.

The Blood Water.

smiled his lordship.
"No, me lord. The dogs is afloat. If we takes 'em, we've got to waste good food on 'em, and let 'em wear out leglions till we gets to port. Muzzle 'em, I says, and let 'em go."
"But how, Jack?"
"Why, like this 'ere, Mr. Hector. Chuck their guns overboard, take most of their coal and grub, leavin' 'em about enough o' both to take 'em to Cape 'Orn. Without grub and weapons they won't shift any furder south. They daren't. That's my opinion, and the best as I can think of."
"And a mighty good one." said Hec-

that ought to do. They daren't come after us then."
Leckburn smiled and sprang into the long boat to draw the Antionette's teeth. The guns were fluing overboard the magazine was emptied, and every rifle and pistol shared the same fate. The Antionette could travel, but she could not fight. Vanderlet and his desperadoes were welcome to her.

Then Leckburn sent for a tin of white pint and a brush and left a parting measage on the deck in enormous letters:

"To Hans Vanderlet, Esq., and the other Treasure-seekers.—The captain, officers and crew of the Silver Star beg to politically inform you that if they get within gun-shot of La Reine Antolnette after this date they will cheerfully sink her. All survivers will be hanged with equal cheerfulness, piracy being a crime that is best dealt with by the use of a stout rope. We have a special rope for the Dutchman.

(Signed)

LECKBURN OF LECKBURN.

Some hours later, when the spars of the Antoinette were vanishing, the yacht ran into broken water. They had crossed the dead sea that lay like a sore on the breast of the southern ocean. The dancing wavelets, silvered by the pale, low sun, were welcomed with a cheer. It was glorious to hear them lapping again, to see the spray dance up, to watch the swelling ripples surge along the plates and rush away into the white, foaming wake.

and rush away into the white, foaming wake.

Leckburn made himself comfortable with russ and read the shaky handwriting of Fuller Lanwith. It was a miserable story. The millionaire had been kept in ignorance of Sir Clive Dray, ton's doings. They had terrified him by threats of immediate exposure and ruin. He had turned everything he possibly could into money in readiness for immediate flight.

Vanderiet told him at last that Swayne had proved a traiter and confessed all

Vanderiet told him at last that Swayne had proved a traitor and confessed all to the baronet. A warrant was out. They promised to land him at San Paulo. The moment he set foot on the Antionette the rufflans had thrown off the mask. Ho was their dog, their slave. His jewels and money had been taken from him, and he was compelled to do the dirty work of the ship. The dwarf carried a whip at his belt, and did not fall to use it. Lanwith had been lashed and kicked and starved.

(To Be Continued Next Tuesday.) (To Be Continued Next Tuesday)

the fum. I feel a bit weak and ghastly. Have you ever seen a vision?" Citive sat up anxiously. Hector was in OF THE BOOKS OF THE DAY

The Silver Poppy, by Arthur well repay their perusal. "The Iron son to stand in with the "power that be." Hand," by Howard Dean, is issued by the loaned his name as president of the club Stringer, is a Strong Novel, Which Recalls "The Giant's Robe," Study in Psychology with a

Purpose.

THE SHADOW OF VICTORY

Myrtle Reed-New Books and Book Notes-Booker Washington and the Century Magazine-Marie Corelli Issues a Pamphlot.

ger. Published by D. Appleton and Joinpany, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

novelist, wrote a book called "The Glant's Robe." It was a remarkably strong book, and "The Silver roppy" recalls it in an intangible manner, though the points of likeness and unlikeness are about evenly balanced.

likeness and unlikeness are about evenly balanced.

In Mr. Stringer's book as in Mr. Anstey's, the story hinges mainly on the theft of a manuscript. The robbery was committed in "The Glant's Robe" by a man and entailed all the disastrous results and complications brought about by the establishing in a man's life of a standard to which he was entirely unequal mentally and morally. "The Glant's Robe" hung so loosely about him that his shrunken proportions were plainly visible even to the eyes that loved him best and could forgive him most.

In "The Silver Poppy," the motif is strong to welrdness. The woman around whom the plot is woven, is a young girl from Kentucky, who has come into

length face to face, of the struggle that followed before the man prevailed and bound the vampire with its winnowing pinions in his boat. Then comes the account of the return down stream by the man and his captive, of how the man starved himself to keep the wonderful specimen he had found allve, of how the day comes when he throws it his last bit of food and sinks down exhausted from weakness in the bottom of the beat. Then the vampire breaks the bonds that hold it; its cruel eyes stare into those of the man, its great wings spread wide, and when they close again they hold the man's form in a deadly embrace. The boat is overturned in the struggle, the two, the vampire and the man go down into the turbulent flood of the Amazon. Years after, their bones are found where they were cast upon the shore, and even then the vampire's hold upon the wictim has never loosed.

The journalist, in reverting to his book, runs a handleapped the semunessis, and

At this point the Stringer in his book is taken up by Mr. Stringer in his book Beautiful, caressed, feted, she has turner back on her past. She has disowneher father, left behind in his Kentuck. her back on her past. She has dissumed her father, left behind in his Kentucky home, and repudiated her name, having been introduced in New York as Corne-

home, and repudiated her name, having been introduced in New York as Cornelia Vaughan.

The distinction with which the publication of "The Silver Poppy" had invested her still lingers, but both publishers and public are clamoring for another book from a novelist who has given promise of such extraordinary power in her first. And now comes the psychological element of Mr. Stringer's Femarkable conception. The Kentucky, girl, one infers in her writing down the story of the vampire, has absorbed something of the vampire's nature. Having drained one man's vitality and mentality to her own advantage, she looks about her and fastens upon another, a young Englishman—John Hartley—who is an Oxford graduate, and up to the time he meets the Kentucky girl an unsuccessful man of letters in America.

The fascination exerted over the Englichman and the glamor which provents him from perceiving the real tendency of his association with Cornelia Yaughan, the train of accidents which leads to his disallusioning and his saving withdrawal from the sphere of a literary yampire, keep the reader's attention onchained through the very last paragraph of "The Silver Poppy." The book is vitality interesting and powerful from first to last, and will bear the closest reading.

THE SHADOW OF VICTORY, By Myrtle

THE SHADOW OF VICTORY, By Myrtle Reed, Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stattonery Company.

The popular author of "The Spinster Book," "Lavender and Old Lace" and "The Love Letters of a Musician," has, in her latest publication, written a stirring tomance of Fort Dearborn, with the incidents of ploneer and garrison life and Indian treachery vividly told.

Miss Reed puts into "The Shadow of Victory" all the wonderful skill she possesses in the description of nature and the individualization of character with excellent results. Her novel is charmingly written, and its tender and bequiful romance is all the more enthralling because contrasted with a lurid environment. "The Shadow of Victory" will prove another strong argument in favor of the survival and popularity of the historical novel.

Among recent entertaining publications is "The Widow of the South," written by Teresa Dean and brought out by the Sinart Set Publishing Company. The widow's letters show an insight into matters social and political life and are written.

Abbey Press, but is along the sensational

the book mart "A Spray of Western a volume of short poems by Lena logardus Lardner, who dedicates her book to President Roosevelt in the follow-

A handbook of travelers' colloquial Spanits instant acceptability to the many tour help it affords in a sensible and practical ard Swan and is convenient in size and

SOME "HEROES IN BLACK SKINS"
BOOKER FORGOT.
It is with less desire to exploit the
character and qualifications of Professor
Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskege Institute, than to understand the purpose of the magazine that I call attention to an article in the Century Magazine for September, entitled "Heroes in Biack Skins." by the well-known negro educator, Prot. Washington's position seemed pretty well assured. Mr. Cleveland has introduced him. Mr. Roosevelt has lunched him. Mr. Carnegie has pensioned him, and the people of the North have endowed his enterprise with thousands of dollars, it had seemed that, in advocating the cause of manual training for negroes, Washington had taken hold of a good thing and knew that he had done so, and perhaps would be clever enough to hold what he had. It is true that, for some time, there have been signs that the simple worker, in the vineyard has found the fumes of the wine press a trifle heady while the plain Booker we knew and respected, evolved into the Moses entering precipitately into the promised land. It

No. 2. Sergeant William H. Carney was a color-bearer in an assault upon Fort Wagner. His regiment reached the breastworks and he planted the flag. The regiment was repulsed and William lay down in the shade of the parapet, until a second Union assault brought him off. No. 3. "Rufus." a prosperous Althama farmer, having \$100 left over after paying all his debts, donates \$10 to the Tuskege Institute and \$10 to a neighboring white school

want you to take it it it is not now dress, 'cause she ain't had no new dress dis year.'

Can the Century be imposed on by the unimaginable absurdity of this grotsaque relation?

No. 6. Moses Turner, entrusted with his master's silver, allows himself to be tortured before he will betray it to Federal raiders.

Important, if true.

No. 7. Will Philip Lining climbs a church steeple to put out a fire.

This also has a legendary and admittedly poetle flavor.

Yo. 8. "Rubo" Le, wrapped in quilts, steps in the yard to protect his young mistress.

It will be admitted that Prof. Washing-

the following:

MARMADUKE MASON.

In the town of Petersburg, Va., there lives tp-day an old colored man called lives tp-day an old colored man called lives tp-day an old colored man called lives tp-day and received such instruction that at the end of the ware has a day, to the end of the war had a large city and writes largely from his experience of the ways of criminals, that at the end of all the was too much with "de quality" that he was too strong to work. When the result of the war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course war had put an end to all this, Marms of the following words, saying: "Of course or thisself: "I cannot dig, to steal l and farid." Soon, however, he married a strong and well-disposed woman named believed the war and set up houselkeping. Eliza and set up houselkeping bilizations with the summar and set of the proposition of the ways of criminals.

Eliza and set up houselkeping bilization was good laundress and took in washing. Every Monday morning Marmaduke would call at her patron's houses with a large basket and receive "the wash."

Eliza and set up houselkeping bilization the propositions of Bach and Beethouse, only attempting the easiest and the simplest of them."

Anna Robeson Brown the author of this Millionalre's Son' is a study of social three young couble onjoo ongenial comradeship in books, arts and friends. "The woung couble onjoo ongenial comradesh

would call at her pairon's houses with a large basket and receive "the wash."

Every Saturday evening he would deliver the result of Eliza's weekly engagement. Receiving the stipend, Marmaduke would return and hand over to Eliza the exact change. This he has continued to do for thirty-six years—and nothing else.

MOSES MINETREE.

In a small town in Eastern Virginia there still lives a highly respected colored man by the name of Moses Minetree. Several years ago, just prior to a holy contested election, the Democratic politicians undertook to corrupt the negro voters by means of the device of organizing a fake "Colored Democratic Campaign Club." Enough colored men were paign a fake "Colored Democratic Campaign Club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club. "Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were paign club." Enough colored men were p

and undertook to secure the enrollment Abbey Press, but is along the sensational and socialistic line of thought and expression, which renders it distaistful to the seekers after what is best among literary wares.

The Broadway Company have put upon the best more that uncle Moses had voted the straight the best more that was soon generally known that uncle Moses had voted the straight his Republican ticket. Being taxed with his recent engagement with the opposite party, Uncle Moses put on his spectacles, and, looking squarely at his inquisitor, said mildly: "You go on, "Clubfoot!"
You knows and I knows I done took dat two-dollar bill you han' me, but I is a dyed in de woi! Publican De 'Publicans done sot me free when ole Marse Lincoln knock de shackle f'om de black man. When you han' me dat two dollar I say to myse'f, 'Mose gwine to spile de Gyptian, but Mose he never gwine back on de 'Publican party."

Alter ins anoses necame janitor of the Federal Court building, He has two daughitors at the Normal School forming themselves to be teachers, and his sons are proud of their father's record.

Not long and a party of yours white and, looking squarely at his inquisitor

save to kick off his shoes, untrammeled by strings or socks, the young colored man shinned up the monarch of the forest and in a few moments threw down the coon. The dogs did the rest. Returning swiftly to solid earth, this modest hero did not so much as skip on one-foot, with open and upraised palms, as even a circus tumbler would have done, but quietly remarked: "Coon meat bin skace. I know'd I gwine git dat coon!"

Can any one say that this young negro, who proved himself when the boasted Angio-Saxon falled, is not worthy of the suffrage?

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce among their forthcoming publications for the fall a new novel by Katrina Trask, un-der the title of "Free Not Bound," and one by Richard Dallas called "A Master Hand,"

All the Books reviewed above and as published

..... on sale

Miller & Rhoads, Book Section.